This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

PR4046
A55C48
1851

FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of Stanford Writing*, 1931

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
GIVEN BY EDWIN EVERITT WILLIAMS '32

From the Author

to an endeared Member of his

health and home,

his beloved Granddaughter,

Elizabeth Margaret Wells,

on her twelth

Birthday

(2/45/5034)

2nd Ed.
Author's pres. copy

pre 1900 hV

THE

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST'S

PILGRIMAGE,

CANTOS I. AND II.

AND OTHER POEMS.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

THE

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST'S

PILGRIMAGE,

CANTOS I. AND II.

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JOSEPH AYRE, M.D.

Second Edition.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.
HULL: J. W. LENG.
1851.

A 8 C 107

TO

HIS BELOVED WIFE,

AND TO

THE OTHER ENDEARED MEMBERS

OF HIS

HEARTH AND HOME,

The following Poems

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST'S PILGRIMAGE.

Canto I.

	Stanzas
Introduction	I.—X.
The Prodigal	XI.—XXI.
The Outcast	XXII.—XXXV.
The Orphan Sweep Boy	XXXVI.—XLVI.
The Destitute	XLVII.—LIV.

Canto II.

Introduction	I.—II.
The Widow	III.—VII.
The Felon Youth	VIII.—XX.
The Israelite and Romanist	XXI.—XXVIII.
The Heathen	XXIX.—XXXIII.
The Slave	XXXIV.—XLV.
The Slave Holder	XLVI.—LI.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

	Page
Our Ladye's Chapell of the Red Mount, at King's Lynn, in Norfolk	59
An Inscription for the Chapell of our Ladye of the Red Mount, or Ladye's Hille, at King's Lynn, in Norfolk	61
The Early Christian Martyr	67

Page

In Memory of a Friend lately departed - - 71

Lines inscribed on the Back of a Portrait presented to his Mother - - - - - - 74

Lines inscribed on the Tomb of the Parents and Brother of the Author - - - - - 75

On the Occasion of cutting down a favourite Old Walnut Tree, and of presenting to his Daughter a small Cabinet made of its Wood - - - 76

Lines sent with a Profile of the Author - - 80

To the Author's Daughter on her eighteenth Birthday - - - - - - - 81

The Bridal Morn - - - - - - - 85

To his Son on his fifteenth Birthday - - - 84

To the Author's Niece - - - - - 85

Is she handsome? - - - - - - 86

Stanzas written under a wild Flower brought from Pompeii by the Author's Son, the Rev. J. W. Ayre - 87

Written under the Autograph of his Grace the Duke of Wellington - - - - - - 91

On the first Insurrection at Madrid against the French usurpation - - - - - 92

The Guerella Chief's Farewell - - - - 94

The Exile - - - - - - - - 95

On receiving a coloured Vignette of the Tricolour of France in union with one of Lombardy - - 96

The Apostate - - - - - - - 98

Written under a Mulberry Leaf which grew upon a Tree in Cambridge planted by the great Milton - 102

Notes to Canto I. and II. - - - - 103

THE

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO I.

I.

" O ! deem it not, that Poesy should lend
Her lyre to laud a Bacchanalian name,
Or waken up its melody to blend
The Poet's honours with a Siren's fame,
At once his country's glory and its shame:
For there are themes of loftier aim, that may
Adorn the minstrel's song, and purer claim
The homage of his art, to point the way
Of truth to those whose steps are wand'ring far astray."

II.

Thus spoke the Christian Sage, when musing long
On moral truths, he went devoted forth,
Companion'd by his son, to mix among
His fellow men; and while he mourn'd the dearth
Of Christian love and charity on earth,
He gave his soul with patriot zeal to scan
Man's social ills, and trace them to their birth.—
His purpose was of mercy, and it ran
Through all his theme, as thus his moral strain began.

III.

Who is thy neighbour? Dost thou next inquire,
And where his home, and what his class and name?
And how, amid the many that aspire
To call him friend, thou may'st thy neighbour claim,
And hold him as a brother, and the same
Become to him, and thus together go,
Holding one course, and having but one aim —
Rivals, and yet no rivalry to know,
Except how best to share, and soothe each other's woe?

IV.

And is it urg'd, that neighbours ever change
As Fortune turns her wheel and shifts the scene,
And wide, as interest prompts, dissever'd range,
Till mountains rise, and ocean rolls between?
And if the few with constancy are seen
To prize the arm on which they whilom leant,
The many spurn it when no more the mean
To carry out their schemes of base intent,
Or lift them up to power, on which their souls are bent.

V.

Alas, we own that worldly Friendship oft
Allures its victims only to betray—
A Siren wooing with its accents soft
The unwary wight it meditates to slay,
Or tempt his steps from Virtue's path away;
For as the serpent to its fatal lair
Draws with bewildering gaze its feather'd prey,
The worldling's friendship woos with flattering air,
And hides beneath its smiles the danger lurking there.

VI.

But know, thy neighbour is not one who tries
Thy pride to flatter, or thy favour gain,
Nor claims thy trust in those unholy ties,
Which hands unholy can divide in twain,
Never, perchance, to reunite again;
Nor can the wealth which India's mines bestow
Unseal thy bond; nor Ocean's heaving main,
Nor mountain high divide thee, or allow
One fraction off that debt which thou to him dost owe.

VII.

For he doth hold thee by that righteous claim,
That law of love, which, boundless in its span,
Embraces all, whate'er their class or name,
Who form the myriad family of man,
Beginning when Creation first began,
And given by God to humanize mankind,—
The golden thread which runs through all his plan
Of mercy to our race, and first assign'd
With penalties enforc'd, and promises enjoin'd.

VIII.

Come then, whoe'er thou art, and be it thine,
Where'er thy foot shall stray, or lot shall fall,
To pay allegiance to this law divine,
Which God enacted, and hath laid on all;
And as thou would'st give answer to its call,
In serious purpose meditate anew
On those dire ills which human breasts enthral,
And as they pass before thee in review, [do.
Deem not thou hast done aught, while aught remains to

IX.

And would'st thou know thy neighbour? seek him in
The world's lone haunts, or bend thy footsteps where
Is heard of stirring life the busy din,
And thou shalt surely find thy neighbour there,
With all that wakes the sigh, or starts the tear;—
The suffering slave that's trembling at a nod,
The famish'd mother toiling in despair,
The infant felon, with his hard'ning rod,
The scorner of thy faith,—the scoffer of thy God.

X.

And, ah! to be of suffering man the friend,
His guard in manhood, and his guide in youth —
To raise his views to Heaven, and early bend
His steps to virtue, and his heart to truth —
Oh! 'tis a great and glorious aim in sooth,
As wise in purpose, as approv'd in worth,
And likening man, thus seeking man's behoof,
To heavenly spirits mission'd to go forth,
And fill with light and life some wilderness of earth.

XI.

And would'st thou know thy neighbour? lo, he's there—
The STRANGER left in yon lone hut to die,
With none beside his pallet, watching near
To assuage the fever's thirst, and fitly try
What skill may prompt, or Christian love supply,
To minister ease, and in the labouring breast
Build up that faith which lifts the soul on high,
Sheds round the yawning tomb its radiance blest,
And while it lights his path, prepares him for its rest.

XII.

Then go, nor fruitless deem what thou impart,
Though slighted seems the message thou mak'st known,
Nor count as vain those throbbings of the heart,
Which swells to fulness as its depths are shown,
For they shall utter what the lips would own
Of wasted talents, and of years misspent
In follies, which to vices soon had grown,
Till all the spirit was in thraldom bent
To Passion's wild control and withering government.

XIII.

From childhood man is learning, and betide
What may, he hath his teachers with him still
To show the way of virtue, or to guide
His steps through all the crooked paths of ill,
True to the guilty bias of his will.
Yes, man is ever learning, and there can
For him be no mix'd purpose to fulfil: —
The choice is good or evil, and 'tis then
The child, as train'd, becomes the father to the man.

XIV.

To train a child the way that he should go,
And never thence through coming years depart,
Is the great duty, therefore, man must do,
But which, alas! is oft beyond his art;
For they but err who deem the infant heart
Can, like the twig, be turn'd at will and bent
By force alone, which thus assumes the part
Of wise instruction, mingling harsh restraint
With passionate reproach and maddening punishment.

XV.

Then see to it, if thou thy child would'st train
To virtue, that thou dost his filial love
And undecaying confidence obtain,
That so, when duty calls thee to reprove,
Thou may'st his sorrow, not his anger, move;
For led by love, and not by terror driven,
Thou shalt to him a lov'd companion prove,
And trusted friend, by whom the lesson's given,
That he, whom he obeys, himself obeyeth Heaven.

XVI.

Thus, then, mistaught, the PRODIGAL had pass'd
His youth in pleasure's perilous pursuit,
And deep and early in his soul were cast
The seeds of evil, thence full soon to shoot
Branches of tortuous growth and stunted root;
And when the time came round for gathering in
The harvest of men's hopes, the garner'd fruit
Prov'd what of yore the fabled fruit had been,
Fair to the eye without, but ashes all within.

XVII.

By him the course of coming years was view'd
As some fair scene with joy and beauty fraught,
Ere yet with thorns the way was thickly strew'd,
Which vice and folly in profusion brought:
As when the traveller's eye afar hath caught
The view of mountain high, he hails the sight
With rapture, ere his weary foot hath sought
Its first ascent, when grief succeeds delight,
As up its tangled steeps he toils to cross its height.

XVIII.

He rioted in pleasures till they cloy'd,—
He sought for wealth by hazard's pilfering game,—
He courted the world's favour, but a void
Still mock'd his grasp, and only phantoms came;
And so with him it ever was the same—
His life but passing as a lengthen'd dream
Of spectre hopes, which, like the meteor's flame,
Brighten'd all objects with their flitting gleam,
To leave more dark the soul on which they shed their beam.

XIX.

And now, in varied forms, 'tis his to feel
Remorse for wrongs which he so long could do
Remorseless, but whose memories now steal
Into his heart's core, and raise to view
The maiden whom he lov'd, but all untrue
Betray'd, and then deserted; and the youth
Whose faith and hope he blighted, to bestrew
His path with thorns of more than mortal ruth,
Warring, like some foul fiend, with peace and joy and truth.

XX.

And who shall count the anguish of that hour,
When early love, long banish'd from the breast,
Companion'd by remorse, resumes its power,
To agonise the heart it once had blest,
Ere crime had done its part, and grief the rest,
To bear his stricken partner to that bourne,
Whither he's hastening with a soul opprest
With pangs he cannot soothe, and dare not spurn;
For justice has its course, and now 'tis his to mourn!

XXI.

But it is past;—and now behold him laid
On his lone couch, where life is ebbing fast,
With not a hope for him to lay his head
In his far home, and there to breathe his last;
For now his knell is rung,—his die is cast,
And with a heart unchang'd, and soul unshriven,
'Tis his to feel, ere yet its term is past,
That life is but the school to mortals given
To learn the way that leads to happiness and Heaven.

XXII.

Then go, and seek him in his last retreat,
And show him wherefore, having sown with tares,
It is for him, in retribution meet,
To reap with sighs, and gather in with tears,
And 'tis no wrong—no evil which he bears;
For as the soul, by Heaven's divine behest,
Is wean'd from sin through sufferings and fears,
To him may now his present griefs be blest,
If, turning to the Cross, he sues for peace and rest.

XXIII.

But where is now his VICTIM?—see—SHE's there—
Yon OUTCAST—on whose brow is fix'd that stain,
The foulest—darkest—Womanhood can wear,—
With her the yearnings ever to regain
The ways of virtue, but she yearns in vain;
For, ah! to her, deserted,—scorn'd—appears
No sheltering home wherein she may obtain
Pardon and peace, but must through coming years,
Still loathing, stoop to guilt, and eat her bread with tears.

XXIV.

Beneath a mother's roof, and gentle care,
Her infant days of innocence were past,
And with revolving time each circling year
In dancing measure still more happy went,
Blessing and blessed to the heart's content;
And though her beauty sooth'd a parent's pride,
Not less at duty's call were they intent
To make religious truth her guard and guide,
And add to grace of form each grace of heart beside.

XXV.

And as the modest primrose early springing
Breaks forth in beauty 'mid the forest green,
And, redolent of sweets, around is flinging
A spring-time joy to light the rural scene;
So round her home a moral beauty's seen,
Which native grace in her conspir'd to throw,
Yielding more joy than all the jewell'd sheen
Which Eastern monarchs in their pride can show,
And lovely as the flowers, whose chaplet wreath'd her brow.

XXVI.

But as the shelter'd nest in brake or bower
Attracts the truant schoolboy strolling by,
Who rifles it to waste an idle hour,
And then to leave its callow brood to die,
Her youthful form that charm'd the admiring eye
But serv'd to tempt the plunderer to his prey,
And with those arts which treachery can supply,
Lur'd her unguarded steps to paths astray,
And won her guileless heart to cast its spoils away.

XXVII.

O man, of all thy wrongs on man, in sooth,
Deep as their dye, — accursing and accurst,
The robbing woman of her peace and truth,
Amid thy myriad crimes, is still thy worst;
For though the murderer's steel be all athirst
For blood, and doth deep agony procure,
No second pang e'er follows on the first,
Nor hath the heart those writhings to endure,
No sedative can soothe, no remedy can cure.

XXVIII.

Is friendship false? it stands but as a name,
Whereby to hide the purpose of a foe,
Whose perfidy unmask'd no more shall claim
Our trust, or risk our peace and safety now.
And if together link'd in one true vow
Two hearts by cruel death are torn in twain,
They bow in faith submissive to the blow,
Mourning, and yet rejoicing not in vain,
That, parting here in bliss, they'll meet in bliss again.

XXIX.

But say, what spell can cheer, what hand can smooth
Her brow, whose moral strength is all decay'd;
Or where's the balm the wounded heart to soothe,
That's won, and then to grief and shame betray'd?
Or how can she confront a world array'd
In scorn against her, or its anger brave,
When 'tis the traitor's arm, that late had sway'd
Her soul to ill, is all that's left to save,
And, like the fabled spear, must heal the wound it gave?

XXX.

Oh, ye afflicted ones, on whom is come
The immedicable anguish of this wrong,
Cast not from out thy bosom and thy home
Thy fallen child, who, with reproaches stung,
And reckless made, may fly to herd among
The lost ones of her sex; but give thee heed
That ye do not her guilt and shame prolong,
Lest, all unmov'd to mercy, at her need
Ye quench the smoking flax, and break the bruised reed.

XXXI.

For what can save its breaking, when the heart,
Wrung with remorse, endures its mortal throe
From friends who flee, yet wound ere they depart,
And leave for Want to crown the wrong they do?
Oh, 'tis as when the earthquake from below
Upheaves the mount in verdant beauty drest,
And while dark clouds are gathering round its brow,
A fire consuming rages in its breast,
And thunderbolts above are riving deep its crest.

XXXII.

Her fate's foreshadow'd in yon rose, which hung
So late in beauty on the streamlet's side,
'Till some rude hand had gather'd it, and flung
The blushing flower unpitied on the tide,
There on the eddying current soon to bide
The perils of its course, as onward fast
'Tis borne to ocean's barrier bleak and wide,
Where amid sea-weed wreck 'twill strand at last,
A sear'd and scentless thing, to wither in the blast.

XXXIII.

But 'tis enough — for ever rest untold
The long and saddening tale of her disgrace,
When last she met her father's frown, and cold
Her weeping mother turn'd from her embrace;
With all that memory sickens to retrace
Of griefs endur'd since last she fled that home
Wherein she ever yearns to take her place,
For still she's doom'd an outcast spurn'd to roam,
Mourn her past days of shame, and weep for those to come.

XXXIV.

But wherefore vainly weep, or houseless roam?
Say, where would man be found did he repent,
And, humbly sueing to his Maker come,
Yet find not there the hand of wrath relent;
And where shall they abide to whom is lent
The power to save, yet make repentance vain,
And leave the contrite spirit to be spent
Amid the haunts of infamy and pain,
And bid her pine in want,—or go and sin again?

XXXV.

Then by that mercy which is all thy trust,—
By all the righteous judgment God will show,—
By all the joy which angels, pure and just,
Will feel above for penitents below,
Go haste, and for her rescue quickly now
Uprear for her an ARK OF REFUGE, where
She may a respite to her anguish know,
And, like the once frail Magdalen, with prayer
Regain the smile of Heaven, and man's forgiveness here.

XXXVI.

But see where shivering limps that ORPHAN BOY,
Array'd in tatters, and with soot defac'd,
Whose toil on Britain's hearths, a foul employ,
Has long her sons enduringly disgrac'd;
Tasking his strength with labour more debas'd
Than is the felon's lot, and with that plea,
Which selfish custom in her code hath plac'd,
That some wear bonds that others may be free,
And *these* endure distress, that *those* may happier be.

XXXVII.

In him behold thy neighbour, whom so late,
Far 'bove the mark of India's jewell'd worth,
His parents cherish'd, and with joy elate
Not less rejoic'd than monarchs at the birth
Of their wide kingdom's heir, to whom the earth
Shall yield its treasures, and whole nations bow
The knee of homage;—nor with lighter mirth
Came each returning birthday, with its show
Of glittering gifts, and all that loving hearts bestow.

XXXVIII.

Through sunny hours his childhood cheerily
Pass'd in full trust, beneath a mother's eye,
Blessing and bless'd alike, as they shall be
Whose sainted spirits reach their home above;
And as his infant breast no fears could move
Of coming ill, since all was joy around,
He deem'd, poor child, that life with him would prove
A long delight, where roses would abound,
To gladden all its course, without a thorn to wound.

XXXIX.

But, ah! to man in phantom hopes believing,
The promise, — the vain promise is to-day
Of pleasures, which to-morrow all deceiving
He sees, for aye, untasted pass away,
Fleeting as crimson clouds at closing day;
Or as yon insect throng, whose wing in quest
Of sportive life, can suffer no delay, —
Born of the earth at noon they woo no rest
'Till comes the evening hour to die upon its breast.

XL.

To him it boots not now to have it shown
His parents' merit, and their lineage high,
Or open out her records to make known
His proud descent from England's chivalry:
Yet is there in him that which would defy
Debasement — his yet memory of the past,
And heritage of soul, could they supply,
Lacking instruction's aid, the anchorage fast
Of truthfulness, which should through every trial last.

XLI.

With drowsy step it now is his to creep
Through winter's snow to morning's earliest toil,
A tatter'd, blacken'd, suffering thing, to keep
Companionship with all that's base and vile,
From whom the heart with anguish must recoil.
And when to th' evening hearth rejoicing come
The sons of labour, welcom'd with a smile,
He meets no greeting, and he finds no home,
Save in the cellar's depth with its unbroken gloom.

XLII.

And there upon some broken bench he takes
His seat, and there his scanty meal is spread,
And there he spends his lonely hours, and makes
Upon its floor of soot his dusty bed;
And when to grateful rest he lays his head,
And his deep fount of tears is dried in sleep,
In vision comes his mother, pale and sad,
With wonted love her watchful care to keep,
When,—starting from his dream, he wakes again to weep.

XLIII.

And doth imperial England lack the will,
Or need the power, to succour griefs like this,
And shall her orphan thousands languish still
In poverty's worst form of wretchedness,
Compar'd with which the felon's state is bliss?
And did ungrudg'd her hoarded millions go
To free the fetter'd slave, to have in this
Our fatherland worse bondage, and bestow
No pity but on pangs which distant sufferers know?

XLIV.

To the poor SWEEP the boast is vain, that all
Of England's Sons have offer'd to their view
The road to greatness, for to him no call
Is made, nor gifts accorded, to pursue
The tempting aim; for, all neglected through
His infant years, the boast were but to mock
His state to which no change can 'ere ensue,
But like the limpet rooted to its rock,
Immoveably to bear each wave's convulsive shock.

XLV.

Oh, if within her sea-girt boundary,
England had ne'er the suffering SWEEP BOY known,
Save by report from lands beyond the sea,
How would her Sons their sympathies have shown,
And with their gather'd thousands thither flown,
Impatient for the rescue, and have rear'd [crown
Schools with their workshops, and whate'er would
Their task of Christian labour, and have spar'd
No effort to remove each wrong for which they car'd.

XLVI.

Then, by his Father's fondness, and the tears
His sainted Mother on his bosom pour'd;
By all the blessings, which with fervent prayers
Of Heaven for him their dying lips implor'd,
INSTRUCT HIM IN SOME ART, that he, restor'd
To his just state, may answer to thy care,
And let his mind with sacred truths be stor'd,
So shall the youthful Artizan repair
His infancy of wrongs, and social blessings share.

XLVII.

But turn we to yon garret,—hark, there's heard
The sound of woman's weeping 'mid its gloom;—
It is a Mother's wail, as round her board
Her famish'd children crowding vainly come,
Moaning and wildly clamouring at their doom.—
But, ah, with truthful pencil who shall dare
To paint the desolation of that home,
Wherein gaunt famine reigns terrific there,
Without a gleam of hope to lighten its despair?

XLVIII.

Not now is hers the passing pang, that springing
In the light heart, imparts a chastening brief,
When Hope is smiling through the tears, and bringing,
Like heaven's own bow, the promise of relief,—
No, hers is that immeasurable grief
No Mother ere with stoic pride withstood,
Amid her thousand sorrows still the worst,
When with a love long task'd, but ne'er subdued,
She has but sighs and tears for children craving food.

XLIX.

There see her with her infants sleeping round,
Toiling with weary hand and aching brain,
From matin's early chime until the sound
Of matin's early chime is heard again;
And though the irksome hours with lengthen'd train
Lag on through night's lone space with weary tread,
Yet comes to her the dawning light with pain,
And the first waking of each child with dread,
For vain has been her toil,—she has not earn'd them bread.

L.

Ah, could the fair one, blushing as a bride,
Behold the sempstress toiling, and could know
The midnight labour spent to soothe her pride,
And deck her as a victim for the show, —
Oh, the sad thought would waken up a throe
Of anguish in her bosom all unblest,
And be like deadly nightshade on her brow
To mock the orange blossom on her breast,
And all convulse her soul, and banish far its rest.

LI.

O ENGLAND! O my country! would that thou,
Who hast so oft unlock'd thy coffer's store,
And shar'd the joy thy bounty did bestow
With those its needed succour did restore,—
Would that thou did'st consider, that yet more
Is claim'd of thee, and look'd for at thy hand—
The eye to mark, and patience to explore
Their social wrongs, and o'er thy sons extend
The ægis of thy power, to solace and defend.

LII.

These are the same whose Fathers bore unfurl'd
Thy stainless flag through many a bloody fray,
To conquer freedom for a suffering world,
And win for peace and truth their rightful sway;—
The same who form'd stern Waterloo's array
Against the host of Gaul, and her crown'd son,
And who from out the conflict of that day
Bore thee unscath'd, thy last great triumph won,
A giant in thy strength—thy work of glory done.

LIII.

Then give them all thine aid ere they expire
With slavish toil and wasting cares oppress'd,—
Their useful labour stinted of its hire,
And wearied nature plunder'd of her rest.
Go, as the minister of Heaven's behest,
And shed with liberal hand thy blessings there;
With cheap and speedy justice be redress'd
The poor man's wrongs, and let thy laws declare
That round his hearth is thrown the guerdon of thy care.

LIV.

And as thy empire stretches wide its sway,
Sunn'd through each clime, and water'd by each sea,
Whose sylvan glades invite thy sons, where they,
Like the first-born of earth, may labour free
Beneath the star of thy high destiny.
Spread then the sail, and tempt their steps to roam
From thy o'erburden'd shore, where they shall be
Lords of the soil, to found through years to come,
As did their Sires of old, a nation and a home.

THE

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO II.

I.

To chance and change belongs man's mortal state,
From hope to fear, from bliss to sorrow veering,—
Now amid stormy seas, and now elate
With joy adown Life's gentlest current steering;—
There shelv'd on rocks, and here their danger clearing.
Thus passes life with mortals from their birth,
In varied grades its good and evil sharing,
Some from repletion suffering, some from dearth,—
Here kneels the slave,—*there's* thron'd the Lord of half the earth.

II.

But it is man that worketh man's undoing,
Marring the moral order of his home,
And with a selfish zeal each scheme pursuing,
Heedless what ills may thence to others come,
From hopes all blighted, never more to bloom;
For 'tis self-love that fills too much, and sways
The human breast, to leave therein fit room
For other love, and well in act betrays
The taint of its corruption when man its voice obeys.

III.

And would'st thou SELF eschew? Behold appears
Yon WIDOW'D ONE, whom evil men oppress,
And there beside her stands her child in tears,
Showing the depth of their hearts' bitterness.
Go, then, and with a patient ear address
Thyself to learn the story of her grief,
And fearlessly Oppression's arm repress,
And on thy Christian trust and true belief
Strive, as thy power shall serve, to work out her relief.

IV.

We knew her through her youth, ere yet had come
To mar its loveliness one cankering care;
We saw her blushing in her bridal home,
Bless'd in its choice, and lov'd and happy there;
We stood beside her in that moment drear,
When love and hope endur'd their mortal scath,
And when in all the tumult of despair
She clasp'd her suffering husband, as the breath
Of his last sigh was clos'd convulsively in death.

V.

And now, alas! 'tis hers to feel how vain,
How unenduring, is all earthly bliss,
And what in other worlds the righteous gain,
Who flee for ever from the wrongs of this;
And while the tears of her soul's tenderness
Are shed for him so late her pride and boast,
She feels a yet intenser bitterness
To find a brother's love and friendship lost,
And him all faithless, whom she lov'd and trusted most.

VI.

And thou her brother—yet no brother thou,
Who dost the ties of brotherhood disown;—
Her neighbour—yet to her no neighbour now,
Whose friendship vanish'd when her wealth had flown,
Albeit that wealth was risk'd to swell thine own;—
Hast thou forgot, or hast thou yet to know,
That high in Heaven is heard the widow's moan?
Or is thy conscience sear'd, and fails to show [low?
What fate thou may'st endure when death hath laid thee

VII.

The rav'nous tiger that pursues its prey,
Or in fierce conflict combats with its foe,
Will yet to kindred forms of life display
Instinctive love, and generous kindness show;
But Man—oh, wretched that he is!—will throw
His nature by, and in a brother's pain,
Reckless of what betides him in his woe,
Can find enjoyment, and for sordid gain,
With all-enduring toil, will labour for his bane.

VIII.

But yonder is the FELON YOUTH, who now
Within those spacious prison walls confin'd,
Is taught, and in his turn is teaching how
By pilfering arts to prey upon mankind.
Go then, and wean with treatment firm, but kind,
His heart from sin, his spirit from despair,
And so shall he from guilt and suffering find
Deliverance, and thou delight to hear
Him offering thanks to heaven, that thou hadst found him there.

IX.

Not brief has been his course, but from the prime
Of his unguarded childhood it began,
And deep and plenteous were the seeds of crime
Sown in the boy to ripen in the man;
And though correction, with each kindred plan
Of force, was tried to check the growing ill,
Lacking instruction they but made it then,
Like Ind's unweeded jungles, ranker still; [will.
And, as they curb'd the power, they strengthen'd more the

X.

And 'tis the young and all misguided heart
That suits the aim, and forms his tempter's prey,
As each defensive barrier breaks apart,
'Till all in one fell swoop are swept away;
When, yielding to the fierce and dangerous sway
Of passion's rising gale and swelling flood,
The soul no more will Reason's voice obey,
And the same hand, as suits its guilty mood,
That plunders man to-day, to-morrow sheds his blood.

XI.

For as the gallant bark is devious driven,
With anchor broke, and helm and compass lost,—
The same when wafted by an air from heaven,
As when it is by raging tempests tost,
So, when the conscience quits its wonted post,
And leaves the heart to drift in danger's way,
The same shall be its erring course, when most
By bad example won, or led astray,
As evil counsels prompt, or evil passions sway.

XII.

And when it is by chance the duty's wrought
Of training and of guarding wayward youth,
And in the man with patient hope are sought
The precious fruits of innocence and truth;
Is it not like the aim of him, in sooth,
Who would instruct the savage in his need,
To cultivate the soil in his behoof,
And trench each border, and uproot each weed,
Drain—harrow—plough, and drill—do all but sow the seed?

XIII.

But 'tis not penal crimes alone that claim
Our special heed and ever watchful care,
Where'er a human dwelling is, the same,
Like the sweet breath of heaven, is needed there;
For in the social state to man his share
In that most righteous task is sternly given,
To train the rising race, and so prepare,
Like the wise Pilot ere the storm has risen,
To keep its course aright, and fix its aims on heaven.

XIV.

But ENGLAND, though within thy ocean-Isle
Is held and treasur'd all that's truly great
In virtue, science, arts, and arms — the while
Thou dost among the nations take thy seat
In all the pomp of glory's gorgeous state,
Throughout the world the envied and the blest,
Yielding to kings disthron'd their sole retreat, —
Yes, though with power and riches all possess'd,
With Freedom's charter'd rights the wisest and the best, —

XV.

Yet to thine own dishonour now, alas!
The truth — the long-neglected truth, is shown,
Thou hast to private charge resign'd what was
The task the most befitting to thine own;
For in thy bosom nurtur'd there have grown
Those who in Christian truth are all untaught,
And round whose moral faculties are thrown
A web, which habits long indulg'd have wrought
To hold in thraldom base each motive, word, and thought.

XVI.

And who in civil strife ere long may strew [breast,
Thy way with thorns, and pierce with wounds thy
Like Ætna's fam'd and fabled giant crew,
Warring around its base to win its crest;
Then haste and rear the normal school, impress'd
With its high claims, and wide its gifts impart;
Yet let not all thy labour be address'd
To human learning as its fitting part,
But, as thou stor'st the head, give heed to train the heart.

XVII.

And may thy children, seeking power, apply
Their views aright to sanctify its use,
And learn th' important truth, that Liberty
Itself may perish from its own abuse;
And as in olden time thy sons did choose
For surer aid a refuge in thy fanes,
So may they now with higher, holier views
Seek for deliverance there from Error's chains,
And, wakening to their guilt, be cleans'd from all its stains.

XVIII.

And be it thine, with yet a purer aim
And ampler means, to make thy house of prayer
Free as of old to all, that all may claim
Admission free, and bow in worship there;—
Go, visit then thy cities, and where'er
Unworshipp'd is thy God, untaught thy youth,
There aid the pastors of thy Church to rear
The sacred pile, the penitent to soothe,
And teach to all the way of mercy, peace, and truth.

XIX.

For, oh! throughout this world of grief and care,
No scene so fair, so beautiful, is found,
As when within its temples, kneeling there,
Are seen its pious thousands gather'd round;
And when, with joy and reverence profound,
The learn'd and noble 'mid the sons of men
Bow to the Cross, and own that all unsound
Is human learning, and unsafe but when
It lends its gifts to teach that all of earth is vain.

XX.

For as 'tis fabled, that the magic ring
Gave, as the wearer us'd it, joy or pain,
So to the scholar shall his learning bring
A blessing, or misus'd, become his bane;
Proving a gift all profitless and vain
Until Religion rears her beacon light,
When Knowledge, thus illum'd, shall yield to man
The sage's wisdom and the saint's delight,
And give its needful aid to lead his steps aright.

XXI.

But hither comes thy neighbour, lo! he's there,—
Yon ISRAELITE, whom fearful judgments taught
To wail the lengthen'd penance he must share
For that dread crime his guilty fathers wrought,
And which with imprecations loud they sought.
But 'tis not Persia's fetters which he fears,
Nor Roman triumphs where his sires were brought,
Nor is it Egypt's iron yoke he bears,
But one of unbelief, more galling far than theirs.

XXII.

His Fathers were the elected ones of Heaven,—
A people blest and chosen of the Lord,
To whom from age to age the task was given
To sound His name, and carry down His Word;
But though the page prophetic did accord
A knowledge of His Sovereign power and will,
They wist not what its writing did record,
But deem'd each promise ever pointing still
To glory's worldly rays encircling Zion's hill.

XXIII.

Rejected of the Lord, and mark'd with crime,
They fled the land — the Canaan of their birth,
Pursued, a scatter'd host through every clime,
Alike the scorn and wonder of the earth;
And long from Zion chas'd, they'll still go forth
To seek a home of rest, but seek in vain
Until they feel and own their Saviour's worth;
And, as the ransom'd subjects of his reign,
Return, like Noah's dove, to Zion's ark again.

XXIV.

And as the bow of promise met the sight,
And cheer'd the Patriarch's fix'd and wondering eye,
So gleams the dawning light of prophecy
To show to Israel's sons deliverance nigh;
And, as thou wouldst to wisdom's ways apply
Thy heart, and learn thy course of duty here,
Know, that of all the graces, Charity
Claims most thy thought, and merits most thy care,
And angel-voic'd entreats that thou thy neighbour spare.

XXV.

For if the STAFF to thee be ever lent
To guide and guard, be sure the ROD shall be
Employ'd for just and righteous punishment
By God alone, without one help from thee;
Then go, and let thy Hebrew neighbour see
In thy own works the faith proclaim'd of yore,
And that thy lessons and thy life agree,
For, so constrain'd, shall he in faith adore
The great and glorious Name his fathers spurn'd before.

XXVI.

But it is not thy Hebrew neighbour thou
Alone must cherish with the kindness due,—
The ROMANIST is with thee, claiming now
Thy love; and though thou deem'st his faith untrue,
And his saint-worship vain and worthless too,
Yet is he still thy neighbour, and whate'er
He doth, or willeth in his heart to do,
His now unfetter'd power should raise no fear :—
His errors are his bonds, and all he needs to wear.

XXVII.

Time was, indeed, though haply now gone by,
When our too zealous fathers deem'd that they
Did righteous service dooming those to die
Who with their German leader turn'd away
From pageant worship, and renounc'd the sway
Of crafty bigots, and the creeds they taught—
But these were times of darkness, and display
What ills on man fanatic parties brought, [wrought.
For all by turns had sway when those dire ills were

XXVIII.

Then when thou shalt in England's story trace
The mournful record of her guilt and pain,
Know, that no more those errors of our race
Shall be renew'd, to break her peace again,
And blot her glorious annals with their stain;
And as thou shalt review them with regret,
Let not the lesson taught thee be in vain,
But hold in view that sterner duty yet,—
Past errors to forgive,—past evils to forget.

XXIX.

But let us turn to one afar, who makes
The wild and pathless wilderness his home,
And naked through its glades and savage brakes,
Speeds his free course in savage pride to roam;
And who, to worship Nature blindly come,
Bows not to Nature's God, but all unjust
Bends to some demon power to sway his doom,
Believing in his blindness that he must
Incline to stocks and stones, and give to them his trust.

XXX.

Go teach him then thy social arts, that he
May know their value, and their blessings share;
And plant for him a rural home, to be
His in full right to labour peaceful there;
And there too on his spirit dark and drear
Shed the mild radiance of religion's ray,
That so for him the wilderness shall wear
An aspect of delight, and where he may
Go on in faith and hope, rejoicing on his way.

XXXI.

But then give heed, if thou success would find
For those high aims thou dost so well pursue,
That with thy holy precepts there be join'd
That best of lessons—pure example too;
For well the heathen may esteem untrue
Thy faith and worship, and decry their use
With those, who feign to honour them, yet do
The works of evil, urging him to choose
The righteous path, which they with daring front refuse.

XXXII.

But, ah! to blight what thou with feign'd intent
Didst go to save, and mar what God design'd;—
To mock the gracious message which He sent
Of His restoring mercy to mankind;—
Oh, 'tis the suicidal act refin'd
Of him, whose rash and murderous hand shall dare
To fire a sulphurous mass beneath him min'd,
And to one common death devoted bear
His friends encircled round in gather'd thousands there!

XXXIII.

While, lo! to him whose generous task it is
To plant the Cross, and wide extend its sway,
Who points to brighter—happier worlds than this,
And leads, like Israel's chief, himself the way,—
Oh, there's assur'd for him, with his array
Of converts true, the warrior-saint's renown,
And at the coming of that brighter day,
When his long course of service shall be known,
His earthly wreath shall bloom with heaven's unfading crown.

XXXIV.

Again we seek our neighbour: lo! he's there,
Far from his home, beyond the Western wave,
Where, born to freedom, he is made to bear
The stranger's yoke, and live and die a slave;
Yes, in that land, whose shores th' Atlantic lave,
Behold the lash ensanguin'd with his gore,
From wounds its hard and knotted cordage gave,
While others are renew'd to torture more,
Which deep the burning brand had festering made before.

XXXV.

There go and hear his loud appalling cries,
As all embarking for some distant shore,
He sees his children, whom the stranger buys,
Torn from his arms, to meet on earth no more:
Yes, go and tell his ruthless lord, before
A world indignant is to vengeance driven,
He must the slave to liberty restore,
And as he would hereafter be forgiven,
Strike off the accursed chain, or be accurst of heaven.

XXXVI.

Not many years have run their course, since last
He liv'd on NIGER'S bank:—a monarch there,
Priz'd for his princely worth, and unsurpass'd
In all that makes a monarch's sceptre dear.—
As Albion was his kingdom rich and fair,
As broad its streams, and spacious its domain,
As brave its sons when hostile arms appear,
And true as love could make and justice gain,
And free as those who own, and bless VICTORIA'S reign.

XXXVII.

His wife and children with their presence grac'd
His hearth and home, and form'd his joy and pride,
When Nature bounteous in his garners plac'd
Her varied gifts, and every want supplied.
But as the swain on Etna's sun-lit side
Dwelt happily amid his woolly brood,
'Till sudden came adown its molten tide,
To fire his home, and 'whelm it where it stood,
Beneath the flaming mass of its devouring flood,

XXXVIII.

So dwelt the lov'd and happy Prince within
His own ancestral states and sylvan home,
Until the WHITE MAN came with gifts to win
His easy faith, and tempt him to his doom;
Holding to view what envied good may come
From trading wealth, and wider power and fame,
And spoke of arts, that fitted man to roam
In quest of gain, and pledg'd the Christian name
For all that love could give, and trusting Friendship claim.

XXXIX.

But long did He with eye averted shun
The tempting bait, which Europe's art supplied,
Until the maddening wine-cup circling won
What calmer reason had before denied;
When grateful rose the thought, that, thus allied,
The WHITE MAN would exalt his country's name,
And to the gifts of commerce add beside
The Christian's creed, and warrant him to claim
The honours of a race, through whom such glory came.

XL.

And as the dove, too daring in its flight,
Spreads its light wing with fatal speed to rise,
And meet the eagle in his airy height,
To learn its error only as it dies,—
So to the stranger's hope the Prince replies,
And with too patient ear his words receiv'd,
So on the Christian's promises relies,
And with undoubting trust his words believ'd,
And as he lent his trust, so was he all deceiv'd.

XLI.

His wife and children—kindred—all imprest
With hopes too vain, embark, a hapless band,
To barter with their new and treacherous guest
On ocean's yet unseen and distant strand;
And there, with none around them to defend,
To bide a fate more direful than of those
Who, while in quiet rest their limbs extend,
Awake with sudden horror from repose,
As round with crushing force the Boa's coil shall close.

XLII.

How fell the swoop, how hopeless their despair,
Too well their groans reveal'd amid the roar
Of that wide ocean, which, endungeon'd there
In their wing'd prison, floated them to shore,
To know their far-off happy homes no more.
And now with fetter'd limb, and bosom riven,
With every hope of promis'd freedom o'er,
Their nights to tears—their days to toil are given,—
No other friend but death—no other stay but Heaven.

XLIII.

And thou, COLUMBIA, vaunting may'st proclaim
Thy freedom, and its rights and honours boast,
But who of all that yet have borne the name
Of suffering man, enslavest him the most;
For lo! thy freedom, nurtur'd at the cost
Of others' liberty, will be undone
By thy own sons now swell'd into a host
Of despots, with the freedom to outrun
In guilt whate'er was wrought by Egypt's tyrant ONE.

XLIV.

If thou thyself, indeed, were truly free,
Thou would'st the chains of Africa unbind,
And prize thy freedom most as thou should'st see
The blessing shar'd and honour'd by mankind.
But, ah! thy freedom, to thyself confin'd,
Gives thee the power to buy and hold at will
The man whom God for liberty design'd;
And as thou claim'st the right to work him ill,
So well thy impious right thou labourest to fulfil.

XLV.

Thou may'st to ENGLAND'S honour'd stock relate,
And trace through HER thy lineage and name,
And from her long and glorious annals date
The brief and doubtful charter of thy fame;
But while thou deal'st in blood, and dost proclaim
That man, to freedom born, shall be thy slave,
She must thy right to fellowship disclaim,
And, as she would unsoil'd her honour save,
Renounce Thee, and revoke the glory which She gave.

XLVI.

But where is HE, thy SLAVEHOLDER, who late
O'er his poor Afric victims sternly reign'd
With more than scepter'd power and feudal state,
And with th' unrighteous plea, that Heaven ordain'd
That man by fellow-man should be enchain'd
To Labour's oar, and bow to his behest,
And, like the wild horse captur'd, be constrain'd
With stripes, and be like him with toil oppress'd,
Coarse food his only boon—and sleep his only rest?

XLVII.

But crime has limits, and on him a rod
Chastening is laid, yet he discerns not there,
Blind to all truth, the gracious hand of God
Employ'd to stop him in his foul career
Of tyranny and blood.—In his despair,
Like the poor seaman drowning, who will cling
With desperate grasp to comrades struggling near,
He turns for succour to each fleeting thing,
And leans upon a hope that can no solace bring.

XLVIII.

Swath'd in the lap of Fortune, he hath bask'd
Beneath her smiles, and long and not in vain
The jaded sinews of his bondsmen task'd
To build his greatness up, and wealth obtain;
But Fortune has its phases, and will wane
As the fair Moon at day's advancing dawn;—
And like a bark abandon'd on the main
Drifting 'mid rocks, he now is hurrying down
The gulph stream of his fate to perils all unknown.

XLIX.

For, lo! his knell is ringing, and full sure
The hour,—the dreaded hour is hastening on,
When he must heed its summons, and endure
The just reward of all that he hath done;
For ev'n with him already is begun
The hidden anguish of his mortal thrall.—
Seal'd is his doom, his mortal race is run,
And, like th' Assyrian monarch's startling call,
Now gleams before his soul its writing on the wall.

L.

Then go, and in this last and fearful hour
Of deep dismay, and retribution just,
When every earthly prop must lack its power,
And gone for ever every earthly trust,—
Go, tell him, conscience-stricken, that he must
Strike off the galling fetters from the slave,
For gold to him is now but as the dust,
Which soon shall wrap his limbs within the grave,
All pitiless to soothe—all powerless to save.

LI.

Yes, with the slave unbound, and all disclos'd
He trembling sees within their dark abyss
The terrors of another world expos'd,
For all the crimes he wrought so long in this.—
Tell him, that none ere sought of Heaven amiss
Whose eye was dimm'd with one repentant tear:
And as thou wouldst thyself partake of bliss,
Thy Saviour's love and faithfulness declare,
And pointing to the Cross, guide thou his footsteps there.

LII.

Here paus'd the Christian sage, and clos'd his strain,
Yet not awearied of the labour past,
He will, perchance, take up his theme again,
If fit occasion serve, and life shall last;
Meanwhile, my son, he said, where'er be cast
Thy lot, or whatsoe'er to thee ensue,
Hold to this law unchangeable and fast,
THAT UNTO OTHERS YOU SHALL EVER DO
WHAT YOU WOULD EVER HAVE THAT THEY SHOULD
DO TO YOU.

THE END OF CANTO II.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

OUR LADYE'S CHAPELL OF THE RED MOUNT, AT KING'S LYNN, IN NORFOLK.

AMONG the numerous monuments of the architectural skill and religious zeal of our ancestors, few, equally deserving of notice, have been so generally overlooked as this elegant and very singular little building. To those who have only viewed it externally, the former epithet may perhaps appear inappropriate; but such as possess any degree of zealous partiality for the beauties of English architecture, in its best style, can never contemplate the interior of this chapel without surprise and admiration. If other buildings attract attention by their magnitude, this deserves it for its peculiar smallness. It is so well proportioned, yet so extremely diminutive, that it seems like a beautiful model for a much larger edifice. The extreme length of the chapel within is only seventeen feet, and the width, or transept, is only fourteen feet; and the perfect form of the cross is preserved, although it stands within an octagonal wall. The common appellation of this building, Red Mount, is manifestly derived from the outer walls of it being of red brick. They form an irregular octagon, about twenty-six feet in diameter, with buttresses at the angles, faced with stone. Within the walls, a space is left sufficient for a passage round, and in the centre is a substantial pile of masonry, containing

two vaulted apartments or stories, beneath the chapel itself, which were approached by staircases from a door in the north-east side. The lower one, which was lately used as a stable, is about fifteen feet long, by twelve wide, and from the original floor it was sixteen feet high. It had a window to the east since converted into a door; and a fire-place on the south now nearly covered with rubbish. There is also a doorway, with an obtusely pointed arch, and carved soffit, leading from this room through an arched passage, below the surface of the mount towards the west. This might originally have been another entrance, but there is at present no trace of it on the outside. This apartment was probably a kitchen, or a refectory; but the fire-place does not appear to have had any chimney. The vaulted chamber on the next floor is only twelve feet and a half long, from north to south, by eight in width, and not quite eight feet high in the middle. It has no window, but has a small flue for a fire-place in the south-west angle. This might have served as a dormitory, and there is room for a small cell or two in the void spaces on each side. The principal entrance was from the west, whence a staircase of brick ascended on the south side of the building, leading to the chapel above. Here a very singular contrivance is observable; every worshipper was obliged to make a complete circuit of the chapel before he entered it, for the stairs conducted him immediately under, and as it were through, the high altar, then by a well-lighted gallery on the north side, till he came to the west door, which is directly over that by which he first entered. — See further account in *Britton's Architectural Antiquities*, vol. iii., by the Rev. E. Edwards.

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR The Chapell of Our Ladye OF THE RED MOUNT, OR Ladye's Hille, AT KING'S LYNN, IN NORFOLK.

STRANGER, upon this grassy mount you view
"Our Ladye's Chapell," which for ages drew
Its crowd of pilgrim worshippers as they,
Wending with fainting step their weary way
To WALSINGHAM afar, at evening's close,
Crost its lone porch to seek therein repose,
And from their brief repast devout repair
To its lov'd shrine, to weep and worship there.

It was of rarest beauty, and its fame
Brought the rich Palmer, who with offerings came
To swell its golden store;—and thus it long
Had flourish'd, and still pass'd the Pilgrim throng,

Counting at times within their peaceful train
Princes, who recreant knew no peace again.
When, lo! its days were number'd, and the light
Of heavenly truth arose upon its night
Of dark and pageant worship, and disclos'd
The unholy homage which its rites impos'd;
And then, elect, stood Luther forth to lead
The van of millions, challenging its creed,
While scepter'd spoilers with their magnates came
To share its wealth, and leave it but a name.

And now with altar swept in wrath away,
And hands profane long lent to its decay —
Without a record left to tell us when
It first arose, or first its fall began,
Behold, it still survives, a cherish'd thing
Of olden time, whose walls, the hallow'd spring
Of holiest musings, o'er the spirit cast
Their spell to blend the present with the past,
And faithful to its glance before it raise,
In graphic truth, the scenes of bygone days.

Nor may we now in bitterness deride
The faith our fathers follow'd as their guide,
Or scorn them kneeling at its shrine of yore,
To cleanse their souls from guilt, and sin no more;
But as repentant here they trembling fled
To seek for mercy with what light they had,
So may we now indulge the cheering thought,
That here they found the mercy which they sought.

Nor let us now in sterner wrath deplore
The deeds of blood our fathers wrought of yore,
Deeds of all parties, and to whom the blame
Pertains alike, for all incurr'd the same;
For 'twas the zeal of blindness, and the crimes
They wrought were justly charg'd upon the times;
And if in History's blacken'd page you trace
The sad and sickening errors of our race,
Or from the zealot's partial lips shall hear
Of scenes long past of torture and despair,
Know that those days of England's grief and pain
Can ne'er return to break her peace again,

For all the power, by which those deeds were done,
Is haply broke, and its worst spirit gone;—
That those same men, whose arms were madly bar'd
For shedding blood, were those our temples rear'd;
And where we now can kneel with worship due,
There came they oft to kneel and worship too.

But be not here misled;—for if the brow
Of Rome's arch priest be shorn of terrors now,
Not so is he of policy and power,
Corrupt and all corrupting to this hour,—
For, lo, intent his minions to invest
With mitred pomp to serve at his behest,
He aims with claim'd dominion to array
Our England's Church beneath his iron sway,
And o'er her altars,—o'er her hearths extend
The withering pressure of his bigot hand.
But England's sons will rise, as they of yore
Arose, and chase th' intruders from her shore,
Teaching the Papal Chief, of things accurst
They hold that his saint worship is the worst.

But where are those Deluders? where are they
Who led or strove to lead their flocks astray?
And who, with forms unblessing and unblest,
Reserv'd for earth what heaven had else possess'd,
Pledging by signs, not meaningless to Rome,
That England's Realm would yield its saints a home,
With rites of heathen worship in their train,
At once absurd, degrading, and profane!*

But pass we on,—and if by guilt oppress'd,
Stranger, you've hither stray'd in search of rest,
Unlike your fathers, who could here resort
To plead for pardon with the gold they brought,
And to created things in worship bow,—
As Rome then taught, alas! and teacheth now,—

* "We continue to protest against the corruption and usurpation of the Romish Church as contrary to scriptural truth, and primitive antiquity. . . . . And we have only cast off and rejected the superstitions which overlay and stifle the truth, and render *that* Church not a blessing, but, in some respects, a curse to mankind."—*The Bishop of London's Reply to a Deputation from the Inhabitants of St. George's, Hanover Square. The Times*, Nov. 9.

Here seek of HIM, with confidence more just,
Of HIM alone in whom alone is trust.
And 'mid the sylvan shade and green array,
Which gird these walls, and grace their slow decay,
Here bow the head,—here lift the heart in prayer
To HIM who owns no meaner offering here;
And as you thus obey the gracious call
To flee to HIM who lives to pardon all,
Unmov'd you may this mouldering ruin view,
Nor mourn that you ere long must moulder too;
But look exulting to that hour sublime
When you shall triumph o'er these spoils of time;—
When you, immortal, freed from mortal clay,
Shall wipe its tears of pain and grief away;—
Clasp in a fond embrace, to part no more,
The friends you lov'd and wept in life before,
And 'mid the wreck of all things glorious rise
To join earth's pilgrims gather'd to the skies,
A holy sharer in the heavenly rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

THE men of Rome were seated round
Within their colosseum's bound,
And ready in its area stood
Each slave to do his work of blood,
While high the Martyr's stake was rear'd,
The wood arrang'd, and torch prepar'd,
And entering there the Lictors come
To seal with fire their victim's doom.

But ere the Martyr's limbs were bound
With pitchen vest and chain around,
And with his torch impatient came
The slave to light and spread the flame,
With front erect and eye serene
The hero-saint survey'd the scene;
Then his triumphant song began,
And thus the Martyr's anthem ran: —

"Yes, my last hour is come, as well
These shouts of thousands round me tell,—
Shouts that might blanch my cheek with fear,
Could aught of earth disturb it here;
But ever in the cross is found
A balm to soothe the fiercest wound;—
In life,—the Christian's hope and name;—
In death,—the Martyr's crown and fame.

"For Thou, O GOD, whose grace and power
Shall guide and guard me through this hour,
Wilt now thy feeble servant own,
To make thy truth and mercy known,
And wide through heaven the flame extend
To fill with light this darken'd land;—
To fix the convert's wavering trust,
And cheer with brighter hopes the just.

"For, led by THEE, nor fraud nor force
Shall sway my will, or stay my course,

Or bring me to the worship vain,
Which Rome ordains to gods profane;
And if a wife and children's wail
Could once my yielding heart assail,
That struggle's past, and shall no more
Awake the pulse that throbb'd before.

"Then let me to the conflict haste,
Where Death's dark gulph shall soon be past,—
Where every pang I'm call'd to bear
Shall swell my Saviour's triumph there;
And as I now by plaint or prayer
Implore of man no mercy here,
So shall my only glory be
The strength that's here vouchsaf'd to me.

"And as the bark 'mid darkness rides
Where raging billows lash its sides,
But finds at morn a haven near,
To cast secure its anchor there,

Lo, now through seas by tempests tost,
With rocks and sands enclos'd and cross'd,
I speed to heavenly Canaan's shore,
To war with winds and waves no more.

"Then hail, thrice hail, life's labour done;—
And hail its crown of glory won;—
And hail that heaven whose regions bright
Surround JEHOVAH'S throne of light;
And where, amid its myriad throng,
I may my theme of praise prolong;
And there, united with the blest,
Partake their joys and share their rest."

IN

MEMORY OF A FRIEND

LATELY DEPARTED.

"A gentleman of high professional and literary attainments, and distinguished in no ordinary degree for those qualities of the head and heart, which made him beloved by his friends, and alike endeared him to the domestic hearth, and fitted him to shine in the social circle."—*Eastern Counties Obituary*, 1845.

Oh, yes, he is gone, and with sighs we deplore
That a spirit so gifted shall meet us no more,—
That our love, like the roses thrown down on his bier,
Must close at his grave its brief services here.

He has gone, but full long will his memory remain
To wake the lone heart to its anguish again,
And show like an Eden the whirlwind has cross'd,
The wreck that is made, and the pang it has cost.

As the beam of the morning with promise he rose,
And more bright than its dawn was his course at its close:
But, alas! ere its zenith of brightness he won,
His night had commenc'd and his journey was done.

Oh, it was but in blindness we greeted that hour
When the pulse of young life throbb'd with joy at its power;
For we saw in the rose but the bloom of its leaf,
And wist not the worm that consum'd it beneath!

Yes, yes, he has left us, and with him are gone
The wit that could charm, and the kindness that won,
With the spirit that soar'd and the honour that stood
Unmov'd as the rock 'mid the spray of its flood.

Did pity invoke him, he ever would hear,—
Did friendship require him, he ever was near,—
In joy and in grief alike faithful to come
To the couch of his friend, and the hearth of his home.

He has left us, but oft will fond memory return
Where the *Air* and the *Ouse* keep their guard at his urn,
And where, as his chosen spot hallow'd and dear,
He rests near the homes he delighted to share.

Then farewell to him, now for ever remov'd
From the circle he grac'd and the home that he lov'd,
From the flood and the field which his presence endear'd,
From the friends whom he charm'd and the hearts that he cheer'd.

And light as the dove on the brood of her nest
May the sod of green turf lie with peace on his breast,
'Till at length from its thraldom releas'd, he shall rise
To share with the good in the bliss of the skies.

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE BACK OF A PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO HIS MOTHER.

My Mother,—if the limner's art hath wrought
A likeness of your son, and there be aught
Of truth therein depictur'd, you should trace
Thoughts there unread by strangers in that face,
Thoughts which are all of you and all you've done
Of countless kindnesses to me, your son—
Of all your love maternal, which began
With my first breath, and led me up to man,
And which, with its solicitudes, ne'er knew
One hour's remission, strengthening as I grew,
Shedding, like Israel's flame, its gladdening light
To cheer my steps and lead their course aright.
These, and remembrances as blest as these,
And which will cease not but with life to please—
These are the thoughts, My Mother, there you'll view
Veil'd in a look of love—of tenderest love for you.

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE

TOMB OF THE PARENTS AND BROTHER

OF THE AUTHOR.

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, who hither led
To ponder o'er this tomb and note its dead,
Mortal thyself, and doom'd, whate'er thy trust,
Earth's tenant now, ere long to form its dust,—
To thee it were a bootless task to know
How lov'd were they who mouldering, sleep below,
Or with what grief this record of their doom
A son and brother grav'd upon their tomb.
Then go, and may the grace of heaven, which blest
Their course with joy, and led them to its rest,
Be thine to cleanse thy spirit, and prepare
And fit thee for that change which waits thee here,
For so, like this thou gazest on, shall be
Thy earthly home, and such its rest to thee,

And so from out its ruins shalt thou rise
To meet their sainted spirits in the skies,
And there with them for ever thron'd above,
Adore JEHOVAH'S power, and share his love.

ON THE OCCASION OF CUTTING DOWN

A FAVOURITE OLD WALNUT TREE,

AND OF PRESENTING TO HIS DAUGHTER A SMALL CABINET MADE OF ITS WOOD.

YES, indeed, the old tree is struck down, and no more
Shall we hail it with joy as it flourish'd of yore,
For the stranger hath been and too skilful hath found
That it darken'd the grove and encumber'd the ground.

But in childhood I knew it, when nobly it show'd
The beauty its centuries of growth had bestow'd;—
When fruitful and spreading majestic it stood,
The praise of the hamlet and pride of the wood.

In childhood beneath it I sported and found
Delight as I struck its green fruit to the ground,
And oft to its covert in weariness stray'd
To share in its coolness and rest in its shade.

And there would I climb its thick branches among,
To join with the birds in their concert of song,
Ne'er dreaming that Time all unsparing would lay
His hand on to spoil it and make it his prey.

But when, after years of long parting, I flew
To view in my age what in childhood I knew,
And full of past memories impatiently came
To gaze on my tree and to find it the same;

I saw its sear'd leaves quivering loose on each bough,
And its branches hang broken or scatter'd below,
With its arms widely spreading all wither'd and bare,
And hoary its trunk with the moss growing there.

And long had the blackbird deserted its shade,
And ceas'd the sweet music the nightingale made,
While hush'd was the zephyr's soft breath on its bough,
And still as the grave slept its shadow below.

In sadness I thought, as its wreck I survey'd,
Of the changes which Time since we parted had made,
And deep in my soul each bereavement was cast,
As came marshall'd before me the days that were past.

We may not, I own, with remembrance too sad
Bewail the lost friends whom in childhood we had;
But the present and past will commingle their tide,
Like the meeting of waters whose sources are wide.

And link'd to its form are the friends whom I lov'd,
So soon from my fondest embraces remov'd;
And well might its vision their memory restore,
And waken up sorrows which slumber'd before.

For the wound from the hunter will rankle again,
If broken the barb of the arrow remain;
For though the deep gash be heal'd over, there will
Be the steel buried in it to torture it still.

But 'tis done,—and the woodman has rightly employ'd
His care to preserve what Time else had destroy'd;
And chang'd though it be in its state, it shall come
To add one more grace to my Margaret's home.

Then let it, my daughter, henceforward be thine
To hold in thy care what I give thee from mine,
For safe shall the memory of treasur'd ones be,
While blended with mine, and while guarded by thee.

LINES

SENT WITH A PROFILE OF THE AUTHOR.

To you, Beloved One, I send this shade,
Where true to nature is my form portray'd; —
No outward worth the gift itself can show,
Yet rich in merit, if it's priz'd by you;
And nothing honour'd by the limner's art,
Yet asking still a welcome from the heart:
For whilst I'm doom'd in distant scenes to be
Far from my home, and far, Belov'd, from thee,
It were a joy to think that this would bless,
And make the distance which divides us less.
And thus to fancy, musing as you stray,
Still let me seem the partner of your way,
And, as I'm wont, when sadness clouds your brow,
Still soothe your sadness, or partake it too.
For though ere long th' unsparing hand of Time
Shall mar the little grace which marks my prime,

Yet shall my heart, as wrinkled age we share,
Still cherish love and find its solace there,
And still to first and best impressions true,
With life's last efforts warmly throb for you.

TO THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER

ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

And this is then your birthday, and you now
Have reach'd that loveliest age when on the brow
First dawns the grace of woman, and when springs
No joy within her breast from childish things,
But, turning to new objects, bends her eye
On life's eventful course, and higher destiny;
When all the future breaks on her young sight,
Like Eden's garden, beautiful and bright,
With hopes which dazzle as the meteor's gleam,
To prove, perchance, as faithless as its beam.

Then we will hail your birthday, for it brings
No memory to us of bitter things;
And we will welcome it, although it may
Bespeak the nearer close of our brief day;
For that same love, which in you to this hour,
Warm as a sainted spirit's shows its power; —
That love unchang'd — unchangeable by time,
Glowing in age as pure as in your prime,
And undecaying while all else decay,
Like heaven's own light shall cheer us on our way,
And as our strength declines shall watchful be
To prop the tottering step and trembling knee;
And when that hour shall come — and come it must —
When we must quit your arms to sleep in dust,
Our tenderest aspirations will be then,
To meet you in the heavens, and share your love again.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

YES, my dear Child, th' eventful morn is come
When thou must take our blessing as a bride,
And quit thy native hearth, so long its pride,
To be the tenant of another home,
And join thy fortune to another's doom;
For thine is as the lily's, which must bide
The parting from its parent stem, that wide
It may diffuse its sweets and lovelier bloom.
Then go, thou dearest one, and 'mid the voice
Of friends approving, may thy union be
As blest as all unfetter'd was thy choice
Of him, whose praise it is to merit thee.
And may to both the highest bliss be given,
Which earth can yield, and man may crave of Heaven.

TO HIS SON

ON HIS FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

AGAIN, my Boy, hath come thy natal day,
With all its wonted greetings of kind love,
To flit as those blest visitants away,
That come to man in visions from above;
For thus they've ever flitted, and in me
Have call'd up recollections of thy past—
Thy lov'd—thy by-gone days of infancy,
Each day returning joyous as the last.
And thus may still they come, and as they bear
Thee lov'd and loving onward on the tide
Of life's brief voyage, t'will be my ardent prayer,
That thou, my son, with Providence thy guide,
May'st still in manhood, as thou hast in youth,
Grow up each year in purity and truth.

TO THE AUTHOR'S NIECE.

ELLEN, again that hour is coming when,
In bitterness of feeling prov'd too well,
We must exchange the parting kiss, and then
Must follow in full grief that word—"farewell."
Yet may be brief the sorrow, since 'tis ever
The lot of human kind to meet and part,
And time and distance have no power to sever
Affection from its shrine, or heart from heart.
Then let us leave that word "farewell" unspoken,
Or only utter'd with its anguish past;
For still are left those early ties unbroken,
Which bind thee to our home belov'd and fast;
And cherish'd still that hope, in mercy given,
That those who love on earth may meet in heaven.

IS SHE HANDSOME?

Oh yes, for truly to my heart
She ever beauteous seems to be;
For what doth beauty e'er impart,
Which she doth not impart to me?

Not that in her the dimpled cheek,
Or lily's fairest tints are seen,
Or that in her commanding speak
The tutor'd eye or lofty mien;

Yet beauty, which the heart beguiles,
Love can depict of richest dye,
And find it ever in the smiles
With which affection lights the eye.

For though the tulip's gorgeous hues,
With queenly pride the flower invest;
Yet all will pass it by, and choose
The rose to wear upon the breast.

And if no charms in her appear,
Such as the world might crowd to see,
Yet I can find them ever there
Within the smiles she wears for me.

STANZAS

WRITTEN UNDER A WILD FLOWER BROUGHT FROM POMPEII BY THE AUTHOR'S SON, THE REV. J. W. AYRE.

THE flow'ret above, here presented to view,
Was brought from POMPEII, where lately it grew,
And where with its fellows it wav'd on the wall
Of Jupiter's fane, as if wooing its fall.

Though slight be its worth, it may serve to restore
To the sons of compassion one sympathy more,
And teach us the lesson, how vain and how blind
Are the schemes, and how frail are the hopes, of mankind.

Lo, a city restor'd from the wreck of that hour,
When *Vesuvius* burst forth in the might of his power,
Pouring down on its dwellings the blast of his breath,
While the earthquake was working its ruin beneath.

Lo, that city restor'd is the same in her wreck
As she was in her pride eighteen centuries back,
And the homes of her Romans uncover'd appear
With the freshness of life as if tenanted there.

For there is the pavement as worn by the feet
Of the crowds that for ages had travers'd the street;
While the roads with their furrows deep graven within
Display where the wheels of the carriage had been.

And there is the column erected on high,
With the tools of its masons surrounding it nigh,
And around it the shops with their merchandize rare,
Arrang'd as if ready for purchasers there.

And there is the theatre circling around,
With its marble seats sloping aloft from the ground,
And where still its thousands delighted might come
To join in the plaudits their Terence had won.

Behold there the porter, whose hand on the gate
Is grasping the key which obey'd it too late;
And yonder's the burglar, who stealthy had come
To rifle the temple and make it his tomb.

And there in that mansion the banquet is spread,
With its covers of meat and its salvers of bread;
And there are the lamps hanging still from the wall,
'Mid the frescoes they stain'd as they blaz'd in the hall.

And there rests the wine-cup, which foam'd as it went
Round the board with the wine which Falernus had sent;
And there is the lute with the viol, whose tone
Enliven'd the guests as the revels went on.

But, ah, mid the flow of rich music, the sound
Of a city's despair rose with thunders around,
When stricken with horror, and wild in their dread,
From the board and its pleasures the banqueters fled.

And thence were the matrons, august in their charms,
Borne off by their slaves as they swoon'd in their arms,
Deep, deep to the vaults, amid wailing and gloom,
To be join'd in one death, and enclos'd in one tomb.

And there are they gather'd, and there is the sheen
Of the jewels they wore in the banqueting scene,
With the necklace of pearls and the bracelets of gold,
Whose lustre is mocking the dust they enfold.

But 'tis past—and the *flow'ret*, whose presence can give
The wreck of *Pompeii* in memory to live,
A weed though it be, shall be treasur'd as dear
For the hand which unclasp'd went and gather'd it there.

So the ring from her lover shall seem to the bride
More precious than all her rich presents beside;
For though it were made from the dross of the earth,
The hand that bestows it shall give it its worth.

WRITTEN UNDER THE AUTOGRAPH
OF
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

READER, the hand, whose writing here you see,
Long lent its power to set the oppressed free,
And with a skill intuitive to sway
A kingdom's strength, and marshall its array,
From victory to victory it led
The nations arm'd, with England at their head,
Nor stay'd its course triumphant, till it hurl'd
From Gallia's throne the chief that aw'd the world,
Whelming in helpless ruin in that hour
The myriad host that form'd and fenc'd his power;

And last, to crown its triumphs, and increase
Their pride and worth, it gave the nations peace.
And lo! that hand, which thus such glory won,
Could be but THINE, IMMORTAL WELLINGTON.

United Service Journal, 1842.

ON THE

FIRST INSURRECTION AT MADRID

AGAINST THE FRENCH USURPATION.

MOTHERS OF SPAIN, bow not your head
In sorrow o'er your slaughter'd dead,
Nor mourn their early doom; —
Oh, weep not o'er their blood-stain'd bier,
Nor mar their glory blazing there,
By wailing round their tomb.

For they have fought the noblest fight
The Free e'er waged with tyrant Might
Their liberties to buy;
And, nobly prodigal of life,
Theirs was the patriot's holy strife,
To conquer or to die.

Then mourn not them—their cause is won,
And deathless is the deed they've done,
And deathless be their doom;—
Freedom they've conquer'd for the world,
And Freedom's flag shall float unfurl'd
For ever o'er their tomb.

THE GUERILLA CHIEF'S FAREWELL.

"Oh Libertad preciosa,
In Te sola si annida
Oro, tesoro, paz, bien, gloria, y vida."
Lope de Vega.

YES, Dearest, 'tis the tocsin's sound,
The flag of Gaul is streaming,
And where our fathers sleep around
His rapine arms are gleaming.
Then farewell, Love, from home and thee
To th' battle-field I fly,
To crown its heights with victory,
Or conquer'd—there to die.

But why, Love, steals that tear away?—
Oh, hush that wail of sorrow;
The sun that sets in gloom to-day
May rise more bright to-morrow.

And if the soldier's crimson grave
Must be thine Albert's doom,
Oh, there's no home for th' vanquish'd Brave
So welcome as the tomb.

THE EXILE.

FAREWELL to thee, land of my sires,
Oh, SPAIN, thou brightest in story,
Extinguish'd in blood are thy beacon fires,
Which lighted us late to glory.

When the Gaul, with his treacherous band,
Of our prince and freedom 'reft us,
The war-cry of vengeance went forth from thy land,
And scath'd by our courage he left us.

But the chief, for whose honour the flame
Of ruthless strife we cherish'd,
As the Angel of Death o'er thy mountains came,
And freedom and honour perish'd.

Adieu, then, thou dear native land,
With the blood of thy children gory;
We flee from thy shores to Britain's strand,
There to sigh for the days of thy glory.

United Service Journal.

ON RECEIVING A COLOURED VIGNETTE OF THE

TRICOLOR OF FRANCE IN UNION WITH ONE OF LOMBARDY.

And is it so? and do we now behold
The Tricolor of France, which she of old
Twice rear'd, and yet with rage again hath rear'd
Amid her homes?—no longer now endear'd,—
For 'tis the flag of blood, and in its course,
Proclaiming freedom, owns no law but force;
And as the meteor, blazing from afar,
Portends to nations pestilence and war,
This rebel flag must prove, whene'er unfurl'd,
At once the scourge and terror of the world.

But wherefore, Lombardy, dost thou unite
Thy flag with France to vindicate thy right?
Thou hast no cause in common, and the yoke
Which thou with matchless bravery hast broke,
Was the transalpine stranger's, and his Band,
Which lin'd thy towers were aliens to thy land,
And, like the locust swarm, but came to spoil
Thy fruitful fields, and live upon thy toil.
Then be it thine to sever from thy side
This flag of fraud, of cruelty and pride;
And as thou would'st be prosperous and free
Make England's glorious State the guide for thee;
For so thy flag shall be, where'er it flies,
Belov'd and honour'd by the good and wise.

THE APOSTATE.*

Oh yes, he has fallen, and the chaplet of fame,
Which so honour'd his brow, now but deepens its shame;
While it serves but too well to give point to the jest,
That his pride was in acting the hypocrite best.

In the dawn of his manhood around him was cast
A beam that blaz'd full ere its dawning was past;
Though it was but the flash of the meteor, whose light
Only streams through the sky to leave darker the night.

He was lov'd and caress'd, and all frequent and loud
Were the plaudits he sought and receiv'd from the crowd;
With a daring unhallow'd, he soar'd above all,
To render more deep and more signal his fall.

* The unhappy person to whom the following verses apply, has been dead many years. He never resided long in any one place; but latterly in the metropolis, where he was supported by the charity of an old school and college friend.

So the eagle, while darkly the tempest swept by,
In the pride of his strength would its fury defy,
'Till, waking its terrors, the thunder roll'd forth,
And cast it back bleeding and dying to earth.

Oh, yes, he has fallen;—and it is with dismay
We remember his course as he wander'd away,—
When with a too false and too eloquent tongue,
He depicted the right while he follow'd the wrong;

And when, all impassion'd, he taught us to know
How vain are the aims of ambition below;
Ever pointing to worlds where alone there is bliss,
While he revell'd in all the worst pleasures of this.

Oh yes, he has fallen; and the glance which reviles,
Now meets him where hundreds once met him with smiles;
And, in place of the greetings of friendship, he hears
But the jest or the taunt on the office he bears.

And ah, if there's aught brings destruction still more
On the hypocrite's hope, 'tis the office he bore,—
'Tis the ill which that office perverted had cost,—
'Tis the good which that office neglected had lost;—

'Tis talent misus'd, and its purpose betray'd;—
'Tis light in the service of darkness array'd;—
'Tis the temple defil'd,—'tis its service disgrac'd;—
'Tis the altar profan'd, and its glory defac'd.

He has fallen, alas! but presume not on this
To charge on religion the guilt that is his;
Nor, faithless to truth, in thy rashness believe,
That our Church is untrue if a Judas deceive.

For lo, in her courts, and secure in their worth,
Are gather'd her sons—the rever'd of the earth;
Where, as champions of truth, and in glorious array,
They guide to all peace, and lead ever the way.

For alike 'tis their praise and their glory to find,
That to serve in her courts they are blessing mankind;
And though foes may assail her and compass her round,
All the calmness of peace in her bosom is found.

So the lake in its cradle of mountains will lie
Secure in its calm when the tempest is high;
Or should ripples disturb the serene of its breast,
In its depths are its waters for ever at rest.

WRITTEN UNDER A MULBERRY LEAF

WHICH GREW UPON A TREE IN CAMBRIDGE PLANTED BY THE GREAT MILTON.

READER, the mulberry leaf which here you view
Late shaded Cam's fair bank as there it grew:
By Milton rear'd, its parent tree is known
By his lov'd name, and priz'd for his renown;

And if the spell be feeble, and too brief
Its power to link his memory with this leaf,
Yet being now of living things the last
Which joins our passing hour with his that's past,
We prize his tree; and though for every age
And country form'd, the poet, saint, and sage,
Yet England claims her son, and deems his fame
Her heritage, exulting in his name,
And in that harp divine, whose chords have rung
With strains which seraphs raptur'd might have sung.

NOTES

TO THE

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST'S PILGRIMAGE.

Canto I. Stanza XXXVI.

"*See, where shivering comes that orphan boy,*
Arrayed in tatters and with soot defaced."

Notwithstanding the law which has been enacted to prevent the employment of children for the sweeping of chimneys, and the penalties annexed to the breach of it, it is notorious, that practically, no regard is paid to it; and on the plea, which by too many is thought satisfactory, that hitherto no method has been devised by which the services of the climbing boy may be dispensed with. That his employment, however, is regarded by the legislature as a revolting one, and wholly unsuitable for children, is shown by the law alluded to, as well as by another law passed some years ago, forbidding the apprenticing of children from workhouses. From inquiries made by the author, he has found that, at the present time, the climbing boys are generally the children of dissolute vagrant parents, who sell them, and then remove to some other part of the kingdom. In one instance, a woman so disposed of no less than three of her children; and, in another, a man got rid of two of his, and turned his daughter on the streets. It may be said that these poor children suffered no loss by the exchange, but the work-

house, at least, was open to them, and, independently of the suffering and privations of every kind inseparable from their employment, they came under the control of tyrannical and dissolute guardians; where, without protection or instruction of any kind, they were to be exposed to every species of evil example. To these circumstances attendant on the first few years of a climbing boy's life, are to be added his entire destitute state when he reaches his teens, and when he can, from his size be no longer employed as a climbing boy. Looking, therefore, alike at the present and prospective state of the poor sweep, and at the inefficiency of the present law to protect him, it becomes the duty of the legislature to adopt such measures in his behalf as shall, as far as possible, obviate the evils of his condition, whilst it indemnifies him for those which it cannot prevent. With this view, it should by law be required, that every parish shall take upon itself the charge of its climbing sweep boys, so that they are suitably clothed, fed, and lodged, and have sufficient leisure allowed them to receive the rudiments of learning, with moral and religious instruction; and that at the proper age, they be apprenticed to some beneficial trade, and be boarded and clothed during their apprenticeship. That, in fact, they should become emphatically the children of the parish, and that thus, from the mechanical trade which they learn, and from the moral and religious training which they receive, they may become at once useful and respectable members of society.

Canto I. Stanza XL.

"*To him it boots not now to have it known*
His parent's merit, and his lineage high."

It occurred to the author some years ago, to know a man who had passed his childhood and his old age in a workhouse, and whose middle period of life was employed as a bricklayer's la-

bourer. He was, nevertheless, descended from one of the most ancient families of the kingdom, and was a Baronet in his own right. In his childhood, as an inmate of the workhouse, he had to share with the other children, the risk of being appointed by lot to become a sweep. He, however, escaped, though many, very many, of not less noble descent, have been sunk into this lowest abyss of infant degradation and suffering.

Canto II. Stanza XLII.

"*And thou, Columbia, vaunting may'st proclaim*
"*Thy freedom, and its rights and honours boast.*"

However strongly we are constrained to speak of Negro slavery among our Anglo-Saxon brethren of the United States, and of the community nationally for continuing it, we would be understood to except those northern States of the union, whose detestation of the practice of slave-holding is expressed with as much indignation as any European can do; and who are using every endeavour to put an end to it. Nevertheless, as long as slavery by law is maintained in the United States, so long must the American people be censured nationally for it. It is not many years since the people of the slave-holding states were encouraging, and even aiding, the oppressed of other governments to break off their chains, when they had a fellow-citizen then under sentence of death for assisting a slave to escape from his bondage. Indeed, a mail scarcely ever arrives from America without bringing some revolting tale of Negro suffering, and adding to the grief and indignation with which the people of these kingdoms regard the continuance of Negro slavery amongst a people professedly Christian.

THE END.

THE AUTHOR'S MEDICAL WORKS.

SOLD BY WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE, LONDON;
AND J. W. LENG, HULL.

1.

In One Volume 8vo., *price* 5*s.* 6*d.*, *Third Edition.*

RESEARCHES into the **PATHOLOGY** and **TREATMENT** of the **SEVERAL FORMS OF DROPSY.**

2.

In One Volume 8vo., *price* 5*s.* 6*d.*, *Second Edition.*

On the NATURE and TREATMENT of those DERANGEMENTS IN THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS DENOMINATED BILIOUS.

3.

In One Volume 8vo., *price* 6*s.*

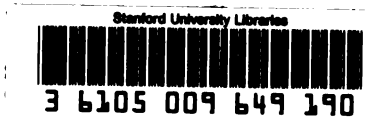
A REPORT of the METHOD and RESULTS of the TREATMENT of the ASIATIC CHOLERA in the STAGE of COLLAPSE by small and frequently renewed doses of Calomel, with an inquiry into the nature and origin of the complaint, with a view to its prevention and cure.

4.

Third Edition, price 1*s.* 6*d.*

A LETTER to the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL on the NON-INFECTIOUS NATURE of the CHOLERA and the IMPOLICY of QUARANTINE; with a Prefatory Address to the Town Council of Kingston upon Hull, on the means demanded for obviating the occurrence of the disease.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.



STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

BOUND by
OSIAH WESLEY
JOINING THE TIMES OFFICE
LONDON.